Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Steve wonders how much Hopper's had to drink. He can't even remember how much he's had to drink. Had they smoked that joint Billy had been saving? Everything is spinning. It doesn't matter. It's happening. He wants it to happen. He's going to let it happen.

Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide

Author's Note:

> The threesome that nobody asked for!
>
> I feel like everybody knows I have a serious thing for Billy and Steve, but if you didn't know - which, why would you? - I also have a pretty serious thing for Jim Hopper. That man is Daddy AF. I started thinking about this idea a little while ago, but I just couldn't make it happen. Until last night. Yay alcohol.
>
> This is just...filth. But I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I'm sure I missed some tags, but I tried. Unbeta'd as always. Kudos, con-crit, comments come at me! Is anyone else into this pairing? Because I need to talk to someone ABOUT MY FEELINGS.
>
> Title borrowed from Tove Lo's Shivering Gold. If you haven't heard this song...get on that!
>
> ¯_(ツ)_/¯

The party is winding down, just the three of them left around the bonfire in the Byers' back yard. Everyone else has gone home, or to bed. Steve smiles as he takes in the sight of Billy swallowing down the rest of his beer, his eyes sparkling and chin wet, and of Hopper reclined lazily in a too small camp chair with a cigarette dangling from between his lips.

Hopper has given them a quiet pass on the alcohol consumption tonight with it being graduation and all, and Steve is thankful. Hopper has a soft smile on his face, but Steve can feel his underlying tiredness. Loneliness. He can't quite understand why it hadn't seemed to work with Joyce in the end and he feels a little pang in his heart for it. Hopper is a good man, and he deserves good things in this crazy, fucked up world.

Steve laughs as Billy misses a step. He narrowly avoids the open flames and crashes down into Hopper who catches him by his biceps.

"Jesus, careful, kiddo."

"Yeah, yeah, pops," Billy slurs, slipping from Hopper's grip and onto the ground in front of him. Steve watches curiously as Billy tilts his head to the side and rests it against Hopper's knee. Billy's eyes lock with Steve's. He licks his lips. Steve feels something hot twist in his gut.

Billy nuzzles into Hopper's leg causing him to chuckle and ruffle Billy's hair, "Can't really handle your booze, can you, Hargrove?"

Billy shakes him off, turns and settles his chin on Hopper's knee as he looks up at him, "You're one to talk, *Officer*. If I knew any better, I might say you were above the limit."

Steve shivers as Billy walks his fingers up Hopper's thick thigh, all the way up his stomach to flick him right in the chest.

"Good thing you don't know any better," Hopper rasps, ashing his cigarette on the ground next to Billy. Billy's fingers skip the rest of the way up Hopper's chest and curl in his collar.

"Good thing," Billy murmurs back. Steve watches, mouth dry, as Billy's fingers creep up through Hopper's beard to press against his bottom lip.

"Fuck, kid. What're you doing?"

Billy hums, "What am I doing? Hey, *Steve*, what am I doing?"

"Fuck, Billy. I don't know."

Billy tips his head to the side, "Yes, you do."

And maybe Steve does. Maybe Steve had told Billy about a dream he'd had a few weeks ago. A fantasy involving a familiar older man. And maybe Billy had finger-fucked Steve until his arm went numb, until Steve came all over himself while he shared every filthy little detail with Billy. And maybe they had both liked it. But thinking

something and doing something were two entirely different things.

Hopper's mouth is slack against Billy's insistent fingers, cigarette forgotten now, smoldering on the ground next to the chair.

"Seriously, kid-"

"Shhh," Billy shushes him, two long fingers pressing against the seam of Hopper's lips. He's starting to breathe more heavily, Billy can feel his rattling breath beneath his ribs, "We're just havin' a little fun, Chief. You wouldn't wanna ruin our fun, would you? Not tonight."

Steve can feel his cock thickening in his jeans, spreads his legs to make room for his growing erection. Hopper's eyes are drawn to the V of his thighs, his lips parting in surprise, just enough that Billy can slip his fingers inside. They moan in unison, the three of them. Steve cups his cock lightly as Hopper swallows around Billy's fingers.

Billy grasps Hopper's fingers with his free hand, drawing them into his own mouth. Hopper hisses as his thick index and middle fingers disappear between Billy's lips. Billy hollows his cheeks and draws back slowly before slurping them back down with a slick, messy sound that has Steve squirming in his seat. Billy pulls off with a pop, a thin string of drool connecting his lips to Hopper's wet fingers.

"Oh yeah," Billy whispers, nuzzling somewhere below Hopper's belt buckle, "You like that, huh? Steve, baby, he's so fuckin' hard."

"Jesus Christ," Hopper growls, fingers tangling in Billy's hair, holding his head between his legs.

Steve wonders how much Hopper's had to drink. He can't even remember how much he's had to drink. Had they smoked that joint Billy had been saving? Everything is spinning. It doesn't matter. It's happening. He wants it to happen. He's going to let it happen. It takes everything in him not to trip over his own two feet as he closes the distance between them.

Steve crashes to his knees next to Billy, fingers fisting in Billy's denim jacket. Hopper eases his grip on Billy's hair enough that he can turn to face Steve. Billy's eyes are dark, pupils blown. His cheeks are

flushed and he's panting so hard Steve can feel Billy's breath inside his mouth.

"Three player game, huh?"

If Steve wasn't so turned on, he'd be laughing, but then Billy's kissing him hard, tongue plunging into his mouth with a desperation he's felt only a handful of times. They're moaning into one another's mouths, clutching at one another, Hopper's knees digging into their sides.

"Goddamn, Steve."

Thick, foreign fingers are gripping the back of Steve's neck, pinning him to Billy and he can feel his cock twitch in response. Billy breaks the kiss with a sharp nip to Steve's tongue, followed by a sucking bite into his chin. Billy's fucking vibrating against him as he grins up at Hopper, "You like that, Daddy?"

It's wrong, so wrong on so many levels, and Steve feels like he's going to blow his load inside his pants.

Steve watches helplessly as Billy is hauled into Hopper's lap by his hair. And Christ, Billy looks so small in comparison; so young and submissive as Hopper devours his mouth. Billy whimpers and whines as he ruts against Hopper's thigh. Steve can see Hopper's own erection straining beneath the fabric of his pants. He wants it in his mouth. He wants it inside him.

Steve feels a tug at the nape of his neck.

"Come up here, kid."

Steve's knees ache with relief as he rises up, straddles Hopper's other thigh. He can feel Hopper's cock between his legs and moans.

"Hop," Steve whines desperately.

"*Fuck*, I know," Hopper grunts as Billy nips at his ear.

"C'mon, Steve. You got a kiss for Daddy? He's real good at it."

Steve can feel the way Hopper's cock seems to surge beneath him at

Billy's words. He trembles as Hopper's stubbled cheek brushes against his sensitive lips, gasps as Hopper parts them with his tongue. Billy's panting hard, riding Hopper's thigh as Hopper takes Steve apart with his mouth. Hopper slips an arm around Billy's side, fingers cupped around Billy's ass.

"Fuck, fuck," Billy places his hand over Hopper's, dragging his fingers lower and urging them to curl and press against his hole through his jeans, "Yeah, like that."

It's Hopper who breaks the kiss this time, expression wrecked; reverent and rapt at the sight of these two beautiful boys writhing in his lap. Steve feels hot all over. Billy looks like he's going to bust any second.

"Jesus, can you come like this?" Hopper asks, eyes wide.

Hysterical laughter burbles up out of Steve before he can stop it, "Can? Fuck, yeah he can. He's so close, *Hop*."

Billy's eyes are scrunched shut, brows drawn tight together, bottom lip caught between his teeth. Hopper swears under his breath, digs his fingers in a little bit harder.

"Is that right? You gonna come, baby?"

The endearment has both Steve and Billy whining and hitching into Hopper.

"Come on, sweetheart. Come for Daddy."

And Billy does. Steve grinds down into Hopper's cock as Billy's jaw drops open, as his body goes taut against theirs. The sight of Billy's come soaking through his jeans is almost enough to set Steve off. Billy rides through the aftershocks, face buried in Hopper's neck.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he grinds out as he slips off of Hopper's leg and back down onto his knees. Billy slaps at Steve's thigh, "C'mon, Harrington. You gonna make me do all the hard work? Get his fuckin' cock out."

Steve scrambles to comply, legs shaking as he stands enough that he

can fumble Hopper's belt open. Hopper's large, steady hands close over Steve's and their eyes meet. There's uncertainty there, but desire, too. Steve arms go limp at his sides as Hopper works his own fly down and reaches inside. Steve' heartbeat thuds heavily in his ears as Hopper releases his cock. It's just as big and thick as the rest of him and Steve's mouth waters.

"Oh God, Hop."

Steve lets himself get pulled back into a hot, messy kiss. He can hear the light slap of Hopper's hand stroking himself mingling with Billy's desperate whimpers. He's shaking so hard when Hopper breaks the kiss it takes everything in him not to fall right over.

Billy tugs on his pant-leg. Steve cups Billy's cheek tenderly as he sinks back down to his knees. The knowledge that Hopper is watching this, watching them and jerking off is winding Steve up. He's leaking so badly the inside of his boxers feel wet.

Steve's hand slides from Billy's cheek, to the back of his head, urging him forward and down. Billy goes, with a soft choking sound in the back of his throat. Hopper groans as Billy laps at the sticky head of his cock and tongues at the slit. Steve pushes as little harder and watches as Billy sinks his way down Hopper's fat cock, pretty pink lips stretched wide. He makes it a little over halfway down before he gags and lets Steve pull him off.

"*Fuck*, kid. It's okay, you don't have to."

Steve knows that Billy's never let his gag reflex stop him before and he's not going to start now, and so he guides Billy back down again slowly. He makes it a bit farther this time before his throat starts fluttering around Hopper's length. When he pulls off there's drool running down his chin and his eyes are wet.

Billy's fingers tangle into Steve's hair this time, urging him forward. There's no preamble, Steve swallows Hopper down; wet, hot, tight suction that has Hopper's hips jerking upward.

"Steve," Billy murmurs, "Looks so fuckin' good, baby. You like that? You like Daddy's cock in your throat?"

Steve heaves a sob around Hopper's cock. Hopper's got a hand on each of them, stroking gently through their hair as though he can't quite believe this is happening. Steve sucks him hard and fast, desperate and sloppy. There are tears and spit running down his face, and he knows his teeth are starting to catch on Hopper's sensitive skin, but he can't stop.

"Steve..."

"You gonna come, Daddy?" Billy rasps hoarsely.

"Yeah, baby. Daddy's gonna come. *Fuck*."

Hopper's cock seems to grow impossibly hard before it pulses and the first spurt of hot salty come bursts on Steve's tongue. Steve sucks him through it, manages to swallow almost everything down. He's crying openly by the time he pulls off, overwhelmed and so fucking turned on.

"I know, I know," Billy's muttering, pulling him in close, slipping one hand down the front of Steve's jeans, fingers barely curling around Steve's slippery cock before he's coming hard, shaking apart in Billy's arms, "That's it, I got you."

Billy's kissing his eyelids, his cheeks, his nose, anywhere and everywhere his lips can reach. Hopper's already tucked himself away and he hunches forward, resting his chin on the top of Steve's head, wrapping his arms around the both of them, holding them against his broad chest.

"You okay, kiddo?"

"Yeah," Steve sniffles, "Yeah, I'm okay. I'm good."

And then he's laughing, because what else can he do, and Billy is right there with him. Steve can feel Hopper shake his head.

"Happy fucking Graduation."